

ROCKY LANE

A man wearing a cowboy hat and a denim shirt is sitting on a wooden bench, smiling. He is holding a book or a magazine in his lap. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with trees and a fence.

BY LARRY GREEN

THE
HIT
SHOW

The show stars:
**THE HARDINGERS
OF DEATH!**

A man in a cowboy hat and striped shirt, smiling and holding a revolver. The background is a dark, textured surface.

JUNE
10¢
NO. 26

In this issue:
**THE HARBINGERS
OF DEATH!**

SEE THESE FAMOUS
COWBOY STARS IN
MAGIC "REALISM"



HOPALONG CASSIDY



ROY ROGERS



CISCO KID
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"I DON'T GET A CLUE! SHEET! SO I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT AND RUN!"



"WHE-E-SHA! I'M FREE! WHAT A SHOOT!"

"THANKS TO YOU 'R.C.' I CAN STILL BRUSH ROYAL CROWN COLA! GASP! I SURE JAMES HE FEEL NOTH BETTER!"

"HEY KIDS! YOU GETTING FULL GLASSES? O FULL GLASSES IN EVERY BIG AND BOTTLE OR BOTTLE BOTTLE ROYAL CROWN COLA! AND RECHARGE! R.C. MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE NEW!"

"UNRAV! AND IT'S THE BEST SWEET COLA OF ALL!"



ROCKY LANE WESTERN •

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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in the
HARBINGERS of DEATH!

SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LAMB FINDS A STRANGE PEECE ON HIS HANDS THAT TAKES MORE THAN SINGING SOX-GUNS TO SOLVE / BUT ROCKY COMES UP WITH THE ANSWER AS HE UNCOVERS THE ... HARBINGERS OF DEATH!



NOT FAR FROM THE TOWN OF BIG HAT, ROCKY LAKE ROLLS THROUGH THE HILLS, WHEN SUDDENLY...

NO -- STOP
HELP --
HELP!

TROUBLE,
BLACK JACK



LET'S MAKE DUST,
BLACK JACK.



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BUT AS ROCKY BATTLES THE OTHER TWO COW-
HANDS ARE BUSY!

ALL RIGHT, LEW-- SHE'S
UNATCHED! GIVE HER
A SHOVE WITH ME!

STAY IN
THAT, YOU
LITTLE
SPITFIRE!

NO--
STOP!

THAT'S IT, LEW!
THAT SHE DOES!
THAT'LL KEEP HER
BUSY WHILE WE
WAWOODE!



IT HAPPENING EVERY TWO, WHEN A MAN DRAWS A PAIR AMOUNT OF MONEY FROM THE BANK IN BIG HAT. HE IS DRYBULCHES BEFORE HE GETS HOME WITH IT! THEY JUST SEEM TO KNOW, SOMEHOW!

IT'D BETTER GET TO BIG HAT AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND! YOU FOLKS WILL BE ALL RIGHT NOW, I RECKON!



NOTES, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN BIG HAT...

WHY, EVERYBODY'S HEARD OF YOU, MARSHAL! WHAT HENRY TODD TOLD YOU IS CORRECT, I'M AFRAID! I CAN'T FIGURE HOW THOSE WARMINTS IN THE HILLS KNOW SO QUICKLY A MAN'S DRAWN MONEY FROM THE BANK!



MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK AROUND AT THE BANK'S LOCATION, SHERIFF?

NOT AT ALL, ROCKY! IF YOU CAN GET AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS, I'LL BE GRATEFUL!



MOMENTS AFTER...

YOU SEE, ROCKY, IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO SEE THE TELLER'S CASE FROM THE DOORWAY OF THE BANK—OR ACROSS THE STREET! ANYONE CAN SEE A MAN STOP TO DRAW SOME CASH!



BILL WATSONS THERE, COULD SEE IT EASILY! HE SETS AND WHITTLES ALL DAY LONG! SO COULD NERT HOWARD FROM HIS BUTCHER SHOP, AND CY JONES FROM HIS INSURANCE OFFICE! THEY ALL HAVE A CLEAR VIEW!



AND THE BANK TELLER, HIMSELF! HE SURELY WOULD KNOW WHO DREW A SIZEABLE AMOUNT OF CASH!

RED CARTER? SURE, BUT HE'S THE JUS—WITH ALL OF THEM!



I'VE STATIONED OPERIES ALL OVER TOWN WHENEVER I KNEW A MAN WAS DRAWING A ROLL OF BILLS! BUT NOBODY'S EVER LEFT TOWN TO TELL THE DRAUGHING WARMINTS IN THE HILLS!



MAYBE WHOMEVER IT WAS
RIPPED BY YOUR DEBITES!
WE GOINT TO COME EACH
OF THE MOST LIKELY SUSPECTS
THE NEXT TIME A MAN DRAWS
A LOT OF MONEY FROM THE
BANK!

THAT'LL BE
TOMORROW! FRED
NEEDS IS COMIN' IN TO
DRAW A WAD TO PAY
HIS MONTHLY GOOD
BELL! I'LL GO ALONG
WITH WHATEVER YOU
SAY, MARSHAL!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON ---

THAT'S FRED NEEDS, THE
SHERIFF SAID HE ALWAYS
WEARS A WHITE HAT!



THE SHERIFF'S COVERING OF
JOINS AND HAWKINS! IM
WATCHING THE BUTCHER!
BUT HE'S NOT PAYING
ANY ATTENTION
TO THE BANK!
HE WASN'T
LOOKED UP
ONCE!



THE BUTCHER'S NOT GUILTY--
THAT'S FOR SURE! AND THERE
GOES FRED NEEDS LEAVING
THE BANK! I'LL TAIL HIM
AND SEE IF HE'S DRYGOLCHED!



SOON, IN THE FOOTHILLS, AS ROCKY FOLLOWS
THE RANCHER---

SHOOTING! COME ON,
BLACK JACK! I RECKON
OUR DRYGOLCHING
FRIENDS HAVE
SHOWN UP!

BANG
BANG
BANG



REMEMBER ME,
YOU THRYVING
COYOTES!

LOOK--HW AGAIN!
OWOOO....
MUM HANG!

BANG
BANG
BANG



BANG
BANG
BANG

LET'S OT! WE DON'T
WANT TO TANGLE WITH
HEM AGAIN!











BUT AS THE THREE RIDERS GALLOP DOWN THE ROCK-UNITED ROAD ----

AND YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, I RECKON!

WHA--AAAK!



YOU AG'N! THIS TIME I'LL FILL YEH FULL O'---- OWOOO! MUH HAND!

DROP THAT GUN, YOU JACKAL!



YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME!



GUESS AGAIN! YOU'RE GOING RIGHT ALONG WITH YOUR PARTNERS HERE!



DON'T SHOOT! YEH-- YOU GOT US! WE KNOW WHEN WE'RE LOCKED!

ON YOUR FEET! IT'S A LONG WALK TO TOWN, BUT YOU'LL HAVE A NICE, LONG REST IN THE COUNTY JAIL ---- WITH CARTER!



LATER, IN HIS HUT----

GREAT WORK, ROCKY! BUT WHAT MADE YOU SO SURE CARTER WAS OUR MAN AFTER HE GAVE MY DEPUTY THE FAKE MONEY?

WE TRAILED YOUR DEPUTY THROUGH THE HILLS, REMEMBER, AND THOSE WARRANTS DON'T STRIKE! BESIDES, OURSELVES, ONLY CARTER KNEW THE MONEY WAS FAKE! HE DON'T BOTHER TO RE-LEAVE A PARDON FOR AN ATTACK ON A MAN WITH FAKE MONEY.



THAT WAS HIS MISTAKE! IF HE'D SENT A PARDON OUT AND LET THOSE WARRANTS ATTACK, TO HAVE BEEN THROWN OFF THE TRAIL! BUT WHEN HE DON'T, HE TIPPED HIS HAND! BUT NOW I'LL BE RIDING ON, SHERIFF!

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, ROCKY! YOU SURE ARE THE BEST MARSHAL IN THE WHOLE WEST!





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With



AND BLACK JACK

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HOWDY PARDS,

THANKS FOR ALL THOSE NISHTIME LETTERS THAT HAVE BEEN COMING MY WAY FROM ALL YOU PARDS. BLACK JACK HAS LEARNED TO RECOGNIZE THE GAIT OF THE POSTMAN'S BRONC AND IS ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR HIM, TALKING ABOUT BEING WISE AWAKE AND ON THE LOOKOUT BEHIND ME OF SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED ONLY YESTERDAY.

BLACK JACK AND I WERE CUTTING DOWN THE TRAIL WHEN SEEDENLY I HEARD A WHIRRING OF WINGS AND LOOKED UP TO SEE A JAY BIRD CIRCLING BLACK JACK AND ME! NOW EVERYBODY KNOWS ABOUT HOW CIRCLES A JAY BIRD IS, I RECKON, AND HOW THEY USE TO "STEAL" THINGS THAT SHINE AND SPARKLE. THIS ONE SEEMED TO BE PLUMB TAKEN BY THE SILVER ON BLACK JACK'S BRIDLE AND REID, SO MUCH SO THAT THE BIRD FLEW PLUMB INTO A TREE OVERLOOKING THE TRAIL AND WENT HOPPING SIDEWAYS ALONG A BOUGH IN THE DIRECTION WE WERE HEADING. WHEN IT REACHED THE END OF THE BOUGH, IT WENT RIGHT OFF AND NISH ABOUT BROKE ITS NECK TO KEEP FROM HITTING THE GROUND. THAT BIRD WASN'T WATCHING WHAT IT WAS DOING, BEING TOO DANDIED BESSY GAWKING AT OTHER THINGS INSTEAD OF WATCHING WHERE IT WAS GOING. AND THAT'S A NISHTY IMPORTANT TIP TO PARDS ALONG, PARDS.

I MIGHTN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT THE JAYWALKER GOT NAMED AFTER THE JAYBIRD BECAUSE THEY'RE PLUMB ALIKE IN NOT WATCHING WHERE THEY'RE HEADING AND CAN CAUSE MORE ACCIDENTS. SO BE NISHTY WARY, PARDS, WHEN YOU CROSS A STREET, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE PLAYING, BECAUSE ACCIDENTS HAPPEN WHEN YOU DON'T EXPECT THEM. SAVVY?

I RECKON I'LL BE MOUNTAINING MY PENCIL NOW, PARDS! SO TELL WE SET TOGETHER AGAIN NEXT MONTH, BE CAREFUL NOT TO JAYWALK AND ---BE OOOO TO EACH OTHER.

YOUR PARDS,

Allen Rocky Lane

AND BLACK JACK

13



GAINS FAME IN RACE WITH FLAME
ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

LOOKS LIKE THE BROWNS AND THE SMITHS ARE AWAY

BOB WAS ON HIS LIST - AFTERNOON DELIVERY WHEN...

I'M GLAD MR. WISE TOLD ME ABOUT "P-F" THEY SURE HELP MAKE THIS LONG HIKE EASIER EVERY DAY

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE ALL-SUPPORTANT "P-F" RIGID HEEL HELP KEEPS THE 3 MAIN SUPPORTING BONES OF THE FOOT IN NORMAL ALIGNMENT.
 2. SPRING RUBBER CUSHION
- "P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION
-

JEEPERS! I MUST TURN IN THE ALARM!

VAMMED! BETTER HEAD FOR THE FIRE HOUSE!

IT'S THE BROWNS' HOUSE! 26 BROOK STREET!

LET'S GO!

SONNY, YOU'RE A HERO! YOU WEREN'T A MINUTE TOO SOON!

YOU SAVED OUR HOME!

SEE, NO "P-F" SURE HELPED US TO GET THERE IN TIME!

THAT'S RIGHT! "P-F" HELP YOU MAINTAIN YOUR SPEED LONGER!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP!

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2. LESSEN FOOT STRAIN
3. GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET
4. IMPROVE POSTURE

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN

REVENGE FOR OLD MIKE

By R. R. Symes



"I'M GOING after the hombre who shot Old Mike," declared Chilli Knight, his face grim, dark eyes flashing. "I'm going after him and if I don't get him, it'll be because I'm dead! Old Mike was the best friend I ever had!"

"The best?" asked Freckles McGee, raising his sandy eyebrows.

Chilli's face broke into a quick grin and he slapped his shorter companion across the back with his broad palm. "One of the two best, you pepper-faced polecat!" he chuckled.

"That's better," said Freckles. "And I'm going with you."

"Oh, zo!" thundered Chilli. "This is my deal. Everybody will say I'm a sentimental halfwit, sticking my head in a noose by going into No Law Notch. No sense in there being two halfwits."

"I'm going along," declared Freckles, firmly. "I think you're making a mistake," growled Chilli, "but I'll be glad of your company." The two men shook hands gravely.

No Law Notch was a hard place to find. It was a little community of unpainted frame buildings cramped together at the bottom of a funnel; a funnel made up of steep mountains, rising all around it. To the west, a narrow, winding, precipitous one-horse trail led down from the abandoned Bad Luck Mine. To the southeast was a steep, rocky road the supply wagons and the single stagecoach used on their infrequent visits to No Law Notch.

The town had sprung into being with the discovery of gold in the No Luck Mine, then called simply the Luck Mine. After the gold petered out, No Law Notch would have been abandoned and have become a ghost town like so many similar communities of its type, had not a shrewd outlaw recognized its natural potentialities as a hide-out and fortress against the law.

The badman was Catfish Kline. He was The Boss of No Law Notch, and the man Chilli Knight was determined to get.

Chilli and Freckles rode silently, side by side, over the ever-climbing road that led to the Notch. They were near the summit when Chilli drew rein sharply and said, "Listen!"

After a moment of silence, Freckles asked,

"For what? I don't hear anything."

"Horses coming behind us," said Chilli. "Must be four of them. The stage, I reckon."

Freckles looked back. At first he saw nothing. Then, presently, around a bend he could make out a tiny ball of dust approaching, far away. "I'll be hogtied!" he muttered. "You're right, but I couldn't hear them; still can't! And some people have had the gol-darn nerve to call me Rabbit Ears!"

Chilli watched the moving ball of dust thoughtfully for a few seconds, then declared, "Freckles, we're going into No Law on the stage!"

Freckles opened his mouth to protest, but Chilli cut in with, "Quick! We've got to hide our horses in that thicket!"

After the mounts were hidden, Chilli led the way up to the top of a jutting rock that overhung the road. Freckles followed, wondering, but trusting. When Chilli sprawled low on the rock, Freckles did likewise.

"When the stage passes under here, it'll be going pretty slowly on account of the upgrade. Then we'll get aboard," said Chilli.

"Won't the driver object?" asked Freckles.

"Why, bless you, boy, you're going to be the driver," said Chilli. "And I'm the new shotgun guard! I wouldn't have tried this stunt without you along, but I remembered you are an old hand at driving a stage. We'll need a real good driver on the way back. I understand it's a very tricky job, crossing the ford at the Rio Amigo."

"I'll say," responded Freckles. "That river bottom is treacherous. All rocks and mud. If a rock doesn't bust your wheel, the mud flies up and splatters your face so you don't know where you're going!"

"Is that a fact?" Chilli slipped off the rock and moved back toward the thicket where the horses were hidden. Freckles watched him, curiously, silently.

When Chilli returned to the jutting rock he had both hands behind his back. Presently, he brought one hand forward and straight at Freckles' face, as he said, "Well, buddy, here's mud in your eye!"

Black, gooey mud spread over Freckles' face.

Instinctively, his hands raised up. He clawed at the mud and got some of it from his face, then leaped at Chilli. He smeared it on Chilli's face.

He plumed Chilli as only a friend can do in a friendly fight. Chilli yelled, "All right, pard, I give up!" Freckles released his hold and started to go for his big, red handkerchief to wipe the mud from his face. "No, no!" cried Chilli. "Don't wipe off that mud!"

"Huh?"

"That's our disguise!" Chilli explained. "You said the ford at Rio Arriba splatters up mud. If we're going to pose as driver and guard, we may as well be muddied up. Now, get ready to jump. Here comes the stage!"

A little while later, the stage was clattering down into No Law Notch. Chilli and Freckles had not hurt the driver and guard except for a small bruise on the chin of each. And, perhaps, some bumps and bruises where they had been thrown off the stage into some soft pine needles. There were no passengers. It was rare that anyone was senseless enough to go into No Law Notch. Most of the passenger service was out of No Law Notch.

Looking like a pair of minstrel men with their makeup smeared, Chilli and Freckles drove into No Law. Chilli, posing as shotgun guard on the stage, whispered to the driver, "Listen, I've come here to get the hambo who shot Old Mike. I am to take him out of here alive and have him tried in a court, all proper and legal."

Freckles shivered. They were in the outlaw's home territory. There was no law here to protect them. They were friendless against the entire gun-slinging community of No Law Notch. The whole thing seemed very hopeless to him and he resigned himself to die, but when Chilli gave the order, "Take the coach up yonder toward that open place and swing her around, heading back," Freckles obeyed.

He hauled up the team in front of the stage office. A holler came out to change the horses. He looked hard at Freckles. He whispered to a companion. Presently a man came out and hurled a bucket of water at Freckles' face. Most of the mud washed off. Somebody shouted, "Look at that driver! That's not Hank!"

A gun was aimed toward Freckles. But Chilli was faster. His Colt barked and the gun fell from the man's hand. The shot brought Catfish

Kline out of the dance hall on the run. "Just the man I wanted to see!" cried Chilli, as he leaped at Catfish. For a moment the two men were rolling on the board sidewalk, so entwined that none of the outlaws dared take a shot for fear of hitting their leader. Then Chilli cloaked Catfish on the chin, hollering, "This is one for shooting my pal, Old Mike."

When Catfish fell backward, two of his men unleashed their revolvers and aimed at Chilli. But their guns never spoke. Freckles let go with his own pistols and knocked the guns from their hands. Meanwhile, Chilli had picked up the unconscious Catfish and hurled him into the stage, like a sack of meal. "Let her go!" he shouted to Freckles, and the latter cracked his whip. As the stage started rolling, Chilli leaped for it, clambered to the top, and lying flat on his stomach, shot backward at the pursuing pals of the outlaw. His shots were so fast and so accurate that the pursuers soon fell back, keeping well out of pistol range.

It was a wild ride up the narrow mountain road. Freckles kept his whip cracking and, although the straining horses couldn't make any speed records on the upgrade, the narrowness of the walled-in road prevented the pursuing horsemen from moving up to flank the stage. When they were over the summit, Freckles daringly, recklessly let the stage roll under its own weight, using the brake only when it seemed that the heavy vehicle would overrun the wheel horses. The pursuers gave up.

Prodding Catfish Kline in the back with his Colt, Chilli marched the outlaw leader into the sheriff's office. Chilli said to the lawman, "Lock this scumt up good and tight, Sheriff! I want to see him hanged for killing Old Mike."

"He may hang," replied the sheriff, "but not for killing Old Mike. Old Mike isn't dead. That bullet only creased his head and knocked him out. He's almost as good as new now!"

CHILLI'S mouth hung open. He was speechless with surprise and joy. In a matter of seconds he was at Old Mike's side, his arm across his "best friend's" shoulders, his soft voice saying, "Mike, boy, thank heaven you're all right, pal." Mike responded by flicking his ears, swishing his tail, stomping a hoof on the stable floor and whinnying happily.

THE END









QUIZ...

GET YOUR THINKING CAPS ON AND TRY TO BEAT THE QUIZ MASTER. SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT, 4 CORRECT, VERY GOOD, 3 CORRECT, GOOD, 2 CORRECT, FAIR, 1 CORRECT, POOR.

1. PENNSYLVANIA WAS THE FIRST OF THE ORIGINAL 13 STATES TO RATIFY THE CONSTITUTION.

☐ True ☐ False



2. THE NEEDLE OF A COMPASS ALWAYS POINTS NORTH.

☐ True ☐ False



3. PAUL BUNYAN WAS A REAL PERSON.

☐ True ☐ False



4. FRANCIS SCOTT KEY WROTE THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

☐ True ☐ False



5. AS A BABY, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WAS ROCKED TO SLEEP IN A ROCKING CHAIR.

☐ True ☐ False



BARROWS THE BORROWER

BUY, CHUCK, HOW ABOUT LENDING ME FIVE BUCKS?

NO SIR, BARROWS NOTHING DOING!



WHY DON'T YUH ASK HARRY'S OVER THAR TO LEND IT TO YUH?

BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW ME VERY WELL



THAT'S WHY I SUGGESTED HIM... NOBODY WHO KNOWS YUH WELL WILL EVER LEND YUH ANY MONEY!



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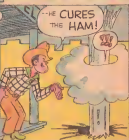
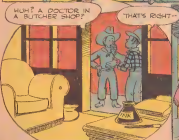
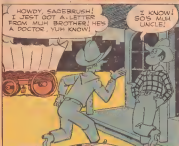
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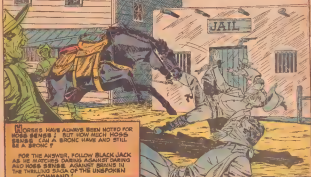
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Rocky Lane and THE UNSPOKEN COMMAND!

A BLACK JACK STORY



HORSES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN NOTED FOR HOSS SENSE! BUT HOW MUCH HOSS SENSE CAN A BRONC HAVE AND STILL BE A BRONC?

FOR THE ANSWER, FOLLOW BLACK JACK AS HE RIDES HIS BARON AGAINST BARON AND HOSS SENSE, AGAINST BRONCS IN THE THRILLING SAGA OF THE UNSPOKEN COMMAND!

IN A SMALL SOUTHWESTERN TOWN, A STAGS COACH DRIVER GETS INSTRUCTIONS!

YOU'LL HAVE TO BE MIGHTY CAREFUL ON THIS TRIP, CLEM! THIS TEN THOUSAND CASH SHIPMENT IS GOING WITH YOU!

IS A SHORRION GUARD MAKING THE RUN WITH ME?

OVERLAND STAGE COACH AND EXPRESS CO.



THAT'S JUST IT! YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE RUN ALONE!

BE THAT CASE, I RECKON I'LL CARRY THE MONEY ON ME INSTEAD OF IN THE BOX UNDER THE SEAT!



WHILE OUTSIDE, EVIL MARS LISTEN!

GOOD IDEA! IF ANY FOOL ANY ROAD AGENTS WHO...

LET'S GO, BEN! WE'VE HEARD ENOUGH!





HALT--- IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

O-DONT U-SHOOT! YOU'LL HIT ME PER SHORE!

HA, HA! TRY AN' GIT US, LAWYAN! WE'LL SHAKE YOU OFF OUR TAIL OUT YERE ON THE DESERT!



ONE LATER---

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TUN SHAKE THAT LAWYAN! OUR BRONCS ARE BEGINNIN TUN PETER OUT, BUT THAT B.G. BLACK STALLION AN'T EVEN BEGGIN' HIS HARD! NAUT A HOSS! HAHA! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



STOP, LAWYAN---OR I'LL DRILL THIS HANEBRICK THROUGH THE HEAD! I AM TUN DICKER WITH YUH!

WHOA, BLACK JACK, I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO DO AS HE SAYS TO SAVE THUR POOR FELLOWS LIPS!



THAT'S A HEAP MORE LIKE IT! IF YORE ASKING TO SAVE THIS HANEBRICK'S LIFE, YUH'LL HAVE TUN MEET MY TERMS!

WHAT ARE YOUR TERMS?



IN EXCHANGE PER THUR JASPER'S LIFE, WE KEEP THUR STOLEN MONEY AND-- YUH GIVE US YORE HOSS!

GIVE YOU--- BLACK JACK?



RIGHT! IT'S HIS ONLY CHANCE! TOSSE YORE BOY-GUNS OUT O' BRACH TUN GIVE US ENOUGH TIME PER A OBSTINANT AN' WE'LL MAKE THUR SHIP--- YORE HOSS PER HIS LIFE!



WELL ROCKY LANE GIVE UP HIS POORLESS PARD, BLACK JACK, EVEN WITH A HUMAN LIFE HANGING IN THE BALANCE! HIS LIPS FORM A GRIN LINE AS HE MAKES HIS DECISION!

IT'S A DEAL! SET THE COVER FREE-- BLACK JACK IS YOURS!



SO LONG, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! BEEEE...BEEEE...

HEY! NAUT'R YUH TELLIN' THAT HOSS?



JUST SAYING GOODBYE
AND TELLING HIM TO DO THE
RIGHT THING! THAT'S ALL!
YOU CAN TAKE HIM NOW, I
RECKON!

FAIR ENOUGH!
JUST DON'T TRY
ANYTHING!



DON'T GO FOR THOSE OXEN OF
YOURS 'TIL WE'RE OUT OF
RANGE!

SO LONG, OLD FRED!
THERE GOES THE
GREATEST HORSE IN
THE WEST!

AM YOU'RE THE GREAT-
EST SQUARE-SHOOTER
IN THE WORLD TO LET
HIM GO!



HAW! HAW! I SHOOK OUT-
SWARTED THAT LAWYER, GIVING
HIM TO SWAP THIS BROW. PER
THAT SHOOTER'S NOTABLE LIFE!
THIS BROW IS A RUNNIN' POOL!



THAT BROW IS ALL HORN,
BOWS! HOLD HIM BACK MORE,
WILL YOU? OUR BUSINESS ARE
GIVING PLANS WORN OUT
TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH HIM!

HWA! THAT
GIVES ME AN
IDEA!



WITH A BROW LIKE THIS
UNDER ME, WHY SHOULD I
SHARE THE LOOT WITH
THESE FOOLS? I'LL DITCH
'EM AT THE WATERHOLE!
THIS BROW HAS ENOUGH
SPEED AND ENDURANCE TUH
MAKE IT TUH THE BORDER
WITHOUT WATER!



THAT'S CACTUS SINK UP YONDER!
WE'LL WATER THE BROW AND
GIVE 'EM A BREATHER SPELL
WHILE WE RE-FILL OUR CANTEENS!

RIGHT! THIS IS THE
LAST WATERHOLE
BEFORE THE BORDER!



WHEN! THESE BROWES
ARE PLUMB TUCKERED!
THEY CAN'T WAIT TO
GIT TO THET WATER!

THEY DON'T SUS-
PECT A THING! AS
SOON AS THE BROWES
START DRINKING, I'LL
MAKE MY MOVE!



HAW! HAW! SO LONG,
YUH PABSEL OF BURNHEADS!
I'M ON MY WAY! GIT
GOING, HOGS!

W-WHY--YUH
DOUBLE-CROSS-
ING POLICE!



SUDDENLY, WITH THE EARTH-SHAKING VIOLENCE OF A RAMPAGING TWISTER ---



AARGH! OUCH!



WITH THE SPEED OF GREASED LIGHTNING, THE GREAT WONDER HORSE, BLACK JACK, WHIRLS AND CHARGES STRAIGHT AT THE TERROR-STROCKEN BRONCS IN A THUNDERING AVALANCHE OF FURY!

THAT KILLER AINT GETTIN' ME --- I'LL DROWN FIRST!



AIEEEH!
OUT OF MUH WAY!
THIS BRONC IS THE DEVIL'S GRANDPUPPY!



W-H-E'S STAMPEDE'N OUR BRONCS BACK THE WAY WE CAME FROM!



AFTER THEM! OUR CANTEENS ARE ON THEIR SADDLES! WE CAN'T MAKE IT ACROSS THE DESERT WITHOUT THEM! WE'D DIE OF THIRST!







WE GIVE UP!
WATER--
GASP--
WATER!

I BECKON I
WANT AS WELL
GIVE THESE POLE-
CATS SOME WATER
TO KEEP THEM FROM
DRINKING THE JAIL-
HOUSE PLUMBING
WHEN THEY GET
THERE!



HERE! TAKE A DRINK! THEN
YOU CAN FORGIVE THAT
WONKEY YOU CHUCKED
THOUGHT YUH COULD GET
AWAY WITH!

[GULP!]
SHORE--SHORE!
ANYTHING YUH SAY--
JUST GIVE ME ANOTHER
SHED OF THAT
WATER!



SINCE YOU COYOTES ARENT
HARKERING TO TALKIN' WITH MY
PARD, BLACK JACK, ANY MORE,
I BECKON I'LL GET BACK INTO THE
SADDLE! GET ABOARD YOUR
BROWNS! I'M TAKIN' YOUR
HANKERIES TO JAIL!



TELL ME ONE THING, LAWMAN! WHIT IN
THUNDERBOLT DID YUH WALKER TO THAT
BROCK BEFORE YUH TURNED
'EM OVER TO ME?

OH,
THAT!



I JUST TOLD BLACK JACK
TO USE HIS HORSE SENSE!
FROM THEN ON, HE WAS ON
HIS OWN! HA, HA!
NO WONDER FOLKS CALL
HIM A WONDER
HORSE!

I DON'T KNOW
WHO 'TH THANK,
SO I BECKON I'D
BETTER THANK
BOTH OF YUH!
WHY A PARD--
ROCKY LANE-- AND
BLACK JACK!

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CAN'T SECURE IT-CLIMATE TORN OUT!

HOLD IT-OR I CAN'T KEEP HER HEAD INTO THE WIND!

RED! RED! LOOK-WE'LL BE SWAMPED!

SWAZZS! HANG ON, ARCH!

ARE YOU OKAY, ARCH?

SURE! THESE ARCH-GARDS REALLY STICK TO THE DECK!

ARCHY'S DEAD AHEAD!

WHAT A BLOW-NO WONDER THEY CALL IT "THE KILLER"-NOW ARE YOUR LOSS, ARCH?

OKAY, THANKS TO MY ARCH-GARDS THEY SURE HELP PREVENT STRAIN ON LEG MUSCLES!

HANG ON TO THE JIB, ARCH-THE HARBORS JUST BEYOND-IF WE CAN CLEAR EM WE'RE SAFE

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by BALL-BAND

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